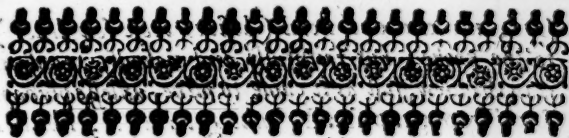


THE
MISTRESSE,
OR
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
LOVE-VERSES.

Written by Mr. *A. Cowley*,
In his Youth, and now since his
Death thought fit to be pub-
lished.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

LONDON,
Printed for Rowland Reynolds at the
Sun and Bible in Postern-Street
neer More-Gate, 1667.



To the Reader.



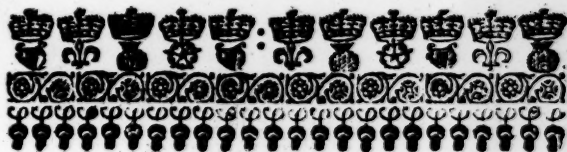
Correſt Copy of theſe Verſes
and (as I am told) written
by the Authour himſelfe, fal-
ling into my hands, I thought
fit to ſend to the Preſſe; chiefe-
ly becauſe I heare that the
ſame is like to bee done from a
more imperfett one. It is not my good fortune
to bee acquainted with the Authour any further
then his fame (by which hee is well knowne to
all Engliſhmen) and to that I am ſure I ſhall
doe a ſervice by this Publication: Not doubt-
ing but that, if theſe verſes pleaſe his Miſtreſſe
but halfe ſo well, as they will generally doe the
reſt the world, hee will bee ſo well contented, as
to forgive at leaſt this my boldneſſe, which pro-
ceedes onely from my Love of Him, who will
gaine reputation, and of my Country, which will
receiue delight from it. I ſhall uſe no more pre-

To the Reader.

face, nor ~~omit~~ one word (besides these few lines) to the Booke; but faithfully and nakedly transmit it to thy view, just as it came to mine, unlesse perhaps some Typographicall faults get into it, which I will take care shall be as few as may be, and desire a pardon for them if there be any.

Farewell.

THE



THE
MISTRESSE,
OR
SEUERALL COPIES
OF
LOVE VERSES.

The Request.

I.



Have often wisht to love ; what shall I doe?
Me still the cruell Boy does spare ;
And a double taske must beare,
First to wooe him, & then a Mistresse too.
Come at last and strike for shame ;
If thou art any thing besides a name.
He thinke Thee else no God to bee ;
But Poets rather Gods, who first created Thee.

2.

I aske not one in whom all beauties flow,
 Let me but love, what ere she bee,
 Shee cannot seeme deform'd to mee ;
 And I would have her seeme to others so.
 Desire takes wings and strait does fly,
 It staves not dully to inquire the why
 When I'me that thing a Lover growne.
 I shall not see with others Eyes, scarce with mine owne.

3.

If shee bee coy and scorne my noble fire,
 If her chill heart I cannot move,
 Why I'll enjoy the very Love,
 And make a Mistresse of mine owne Desire.
 Flames their most vigorous heat doe hold,
 And purest light, if compass round with cold :
 So when sharpe Winter meanes most harme,
 The spring Plants are by the Snow it selfe kept warme.

4.

But doe not touch my heart, and so be gone ;
 Strike deepe thy burning arrowes in :
 Lukewarmnesse I account a sinne
 As great in Love, as in Religion.
 Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
 All the extremities of mighty Love.
 Th' excesse of heat is but a fable ;
 Wee know the torrid Zone is now found habitable.

Among

5.

Among the Woods and Forrests thou art found;
 There Bores and Lions thou dost tame;
 Is not my heart a noble game?
 Let Venus Men, and Beasts Diana wound.
 Thou dost the Birds thy Subjects make;
 Thy nimble feathers doe their wings oretake:
 At every spring they chant thy praise;
 Make me but love like them, I'll sing thee better laies.

6.

What service can mute Fishes doe to Thee?
 Yet against them by Dart prevails,
 Peircing the armour of their Scales;
 And still thy sea-borne Mother lives i'th' Sea:
 Dost thou deny only to mee
 The no-great priviledge of Captivity?
 I beg or challenge here thy Bow;
 Either thy pittie to mee, or else thine anger show.

7.

Come; or I'll teach the world to scorne that Bow:
 Ile teach them thousand wholsome arts
 Both to resist and cure thy darts,
 More then thy skilfull Ould ere did know.
 Musick of sighes thou shalt not heare,
 Nor drinke no more on wretched Lovers Teare:
 Nay, unlesse soone thou woundest mee,
 My Verbes shall not only wound, but murder Thee.

The Tbraldome.

I.

I Came, I saw, and was undone ;
 The Lightning through my bones & marrow run ;
 A poynted paine pierc't deep my heart ;
 A swift, cold trembling seiz'd on every part ;
 My head turn'd round, nor could it beare
 The Poyson that was enter'd there.

2.

So a destroying Angells breath
 Blowes in the Plague, and with it hasty Death.
 Such was the paine, did so beginne
 To the poore wretch, when Legion entred in.
 Forgive me, God, I cri'd ; for I
 Flatter'd my selfe I was to dye.

3.

But quickly to my Cost I found,
 'Twas cruell Love not Death had made the wound.
 Death a more generous rage does use ;
 Quarter to all he conquers does refuse.
 Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves
 The vanquisht lives to make them slaves.

4. I

4:

I am thy slave then ; let me know,
 Hard Master, the great aske I have to doe :
 Who pride and scorne doe undergoe,
 In tempests and rough Seas thy Gallies row ;
 Thy part, and groane, and sigh, but finde
 Thy sighs encrease the angry winde.

5.

Like an Egyptian Tyrant, some
 Thou weariest out, in building but a Tombe,
 Others with sad, and tedious art
 Labour i'the Quarries of a stony Heart ;
 Of all the workes thou dost assigne
 To all the severall slaves of thine,
 Employ me, mighty Love, to digge the Mine.

The Given Lover.

1:

I'Le on ; for what should hinder me
 From Loving, and Enjoying Thee ?
 Thou canst not those exceptions make,
 Which thin-sould, under-mortalls take ;
 That my Fate's too meane and low ;
 'Twere pittie I should love thee so,
 If that dull cause could hinder me
 In Loving, and Enjoying thee.

2. It

2.

It does not me a whit displease,
 That the rich all honours seise;
 That you all Titles make your owne,
 Are Valiant, Learned, Wise alone.
 But if you claim o're Women too
 The power which over men ye doe;
 If you alone must Lovers bee;
 For that, Sirs, you must pardon mee.

3.

Rather then loose what does so neare
 Concerne my Life, and Being here,
 Ple some such crooked waies invent,
 As you, or your Forefathers went:
 Ple flatter or oppose the King,
 Turne Puritan, or Any thing;
 Ple force my Mind to arts so new:
 Grow Rich, and Love as well as You.

4.

But rather thus let me remaine,
 As Man in Paradise did reigne;
 When perfect Love did so agree
 With Innocence and Pover:y.
Adam did no Joynture give,
 Himselfe was Joynture to his *Eve*:
 Untoucht with Av'rice yet or Pride,
 The Rib came freely back to his side.

5.

A curse upon the man who taught
 Women, that Love was to be bought;
 Rather dote onely on your Gold,
 And that with greedy av'rice hold;
 For if Woman too submit
 To that, and sell her selfe for it,
 Fond Lover, you a Mistres have
 Of her, that's but your Fellow slave.

6.

What should those Poets meane of old
 That made their God to wooe in God?
 Of all men sure They had no cause
 To bind Love to such costly Lawes;
 And yet I scarcely blame them now;
 For who, alas, would not allow,
 That Women should such gifts receive,
 Could They themselves Be what They give.

7.

If thou, my Deare, Thy selfe shouldst prize,
 Alas, what value would suffice?
 The Spaniard could not doe't, though hee
 Should to both Indies joynture thee.
 Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
 If thou shouldst any bargaine make;
 To give All will besit thee well;
 But not at Under-Rates to sell.

8. Bestow

8.

Bestow thy Beauty then on mee,
 Freely, as Nature gave't to Thee;
 'Tis an exploded Popish thought
 To thinke that Heaven may be bought;
 Prayers, Hymns, & Prayſes are the way;
 And thoſe my thankfull Muſe ſhall pay;
 The Body in my verſe enſhrin'd,
 Shall grow immortall as thy Minde.

9.

Let fixe thy title next in fame
 To *Sachariſſa*s well-ſung name.
 So faithfully will I declare
 What all thy wondrous beauties are,
 That when at the laſt great Aſſize
 All Women ſhall together riſe,
 Men ſtrait ſhall caſt their eyes on Thee,
 And know at firſt that Thou art Shee.

The Spring.

1.

THough you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay,
 The Trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
 As ever they were wont to be;
 Nay the Birds rurall muſicke too
 Is as Melodious and free,
 As if they ſung to pleaſure you :

I ſaw

THE MISTRES.

19

I saw a Rose But o'pe this morne ; I'll sweare
The blushing Morning op'ned not more faire.

2.

How could it be so faire, and you away ?
How could the Trees be beauteous, Flowers so gay ?
Could they remember but last yeare,
How you did Them, They you delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And called their Fellowes to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vaine,
Creepe back into their silent Barkes againe.

3.

Where ere you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade,
Is't possible they should not know,
What losse of honour they sustaine,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retaine ?
Dull creatures ! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of wit, was made a Tree.

4.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoyc'd the Thracian verse to heare ;
In vaine did nature bid them stay
When Orpheus had his song begunne,
They call'd their wondring rootes away
And bad them silent to him run.

How

How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawne Them, and their Poet too.

5.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They are here the onely Faire, and Shine alone.

You did their Naturall Rights invade;

Where ever you did walke or sit,

The thickest Bowes could make no shade,

Although the Sunne had granted it:

The fairest Flowers could please noe more, neere you,
Then Painted flowers, set next to them, could doe.

6.

When'e're then you come hither, that shall bee
The time, which this to others is, to Me.

The litle joyes which here are now

The name of Panishments doe beare;

When by their sight they let us Know

How we deprived of greater are.

'Tis you the best of Seasons with you bring;

This is for Beasts, and that for Men the Spring.

Written in Iuyce of Lemon.

WHilst what I write I doe not see,
I dare thus even to you write Poetrie.

Ah foolish muse, which dost so high aspire,
 And knowest her judgement well
 How much it does thy power excell,
 Yet darst bee ready by, thy just doome, the Fire,

2.

Alas, thou thinkest thy selfe secure,
 Because thy forme is Innocent and Pure:
 Like Hypocrites, which seeme unspotted here;
 But when they sadly come to dy,
 And the last Fire their Truth must try,
 Scrauld ore like thee, and blotted they appeare.

3.

Goe then, but reverently goe,
 And, since thou needs must sinne, confesse it too:
 Confes't, and with humility cloath thy shame;
 For thou, who else must burned bee
 An Heretick, if shee pardon thee,
 Mays't like a Martyr then enjoy the Flame.

4.

But if her wisdom growe severe,
 And suffer not her goodnesse to bee there;
 If her large mercyes cruelly it restraine;
 Bee not discourag'd, but require
 A more gentle Ordeall Fire,
 And bid her by Loves Flames read it again.

5. Strange

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet dost show
 Like winter earth, naked, or cloath'd with snow,
 But, as the quickning sunne approaching neare,
 The Planets arise up by degrees,
 A suddaine paint adorne the trees
 And all kind Natures Characters appeare.

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is seene,
 But soone as Geniall heate warmes thee within,
 A new-borne Wood of various Lines there grows;
 Here but an A, and there a B,
 Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
 And all the flourishing Letters stand in Rowes.

7.

Still, feely Paper, thou wilt thinke
 That all this might as well be writ with Inke.
 Oh no; ther's sence in this, and Mysterie;
 Thou now must change thy Authors name,
 And to Hand lay noble claim;
 For as She Reads, she Makes the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine owne unworthinesse
 Will still, that thou art mine, not Hers, confesse;
 Consume thy selfe with Fire before her Eyes,

And

And so her Grace and Pitty move;
 The Gods, though Beasts they do not Love,
 Yet like them when thei'r burnt in Sacrifice.

Inconstancy.

Five years ago (sayes story) I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most inconstant now;
 Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the man;
 For I am not the same that I was then;
 No Flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
 And that my mind is chang'd your selfe may see.
 The same Thoughts to retain still, and Intents
 Were more inconstant farre; for Accidents
 Must of all things most strangely Inconstant prove;
 If from one Subject they t'another move;
 My Members then, the Father Members were
 From whence These take their birth, which now are here:
 If then this Body love what th'other did,
 'Twere Incest, which by Nature is forbid.
 You might as well this Day inconstant name,
 Because the Weather is not still the same,
 That it was yesterday, or blame the Year,
 'Cause the Spring Flowers, and Autumne fruit does bear:
 The world's a Scene of Changes, and to be
 Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy:
 For 'twere to break the Laws her self has made,
 Our Substances themselves do fleet, and fade;
 The most fixt Being, still doth move and fly,
 Swift as the Wings of time 'tis measur'd by.
 T'imagin: then that Love will never cease
 (Love which is but the Ornament of these)

And

B

Were

Were quite as senselesse, as to wonder why
Beauty and Colour stayes not when we dye.

Not Faire.

TIs very true, I thought you once as faire,
As women in the Idea are.
What ever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint Metaphor of Thee.
But then (me thoughts) there something shin'd within,
Which cast this Lustre o're thy skinne.
Nor could I choöse but count it the Suns Light,
Which made this Cloud appear so bright.
But since I knew thy falshood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside:
A very Moore (me thinks) plac'd near to Thee,
White as his Teeth would seem to be.
So men (they say) by hells delusion led,
Have ta'ne a Saccubus to their bed:
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the cleft Foot discovers all:
Then they start from't, halfe Ghosts themselves with fear;
And Devill as 'tis, it does appear.
So since against my will I found Thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy Soule,
My Reason strait did to my Senses shew,
That they might be mistaken too:
Nay when the world but knowes how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be;
They'l call their Eyes as false as Thee.

Be what thou wilt; hate will present thee so,
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

Platonick love.

I.

INdeed I must confesse,
When Souls mix 'tis an happinesse:
But not compleat till Bodies too do joyne,
And both our Wholes into one Whole combine;
But halfe of Heaven the Soules in glory tast,
Till by Love in Heaven at last,
Their Bodies too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortall part
Man, as well as I thou art.
But something 'tis that differs Thee and Me:
And we must one even in that difference be.
I Thee, both as a man, and woman prize:
For a perfect Love implies
Love in all Capacities.

3.

Can that for true love passe,
When a faire woman court's her glasse?
Something unlike must in Loves likeness be,
His wonder is, one and Variety.

B 2

For

For he, whose soule nought but a Soule can move,
Does a new Narcissus prove,
And his own Image love,

4.

That soules do beauty know ;
'Tis to the Bodies help they owe ;
If when they ow't they strait abuse that trust,
And shut the Body from't, 'tis as unjust,
As if I brought my dearest friend to see
My Mistresse, and at th' instant He
Should steal her quite from Me.

The Change.

1.

Love in her sunny Eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Haire,
Love does on both her Lips for ever stray ;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Lov's alwaies seen :
But, oh, He never went within.

2.

Within Loves foes, his greatest foes abide
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dresse
With other beauties numberlesse :

But

But at the Center, Darknesse is, and Hell ;
There wicked Spirits, and there the Damned dwell.

3.

With me alas quite contrary it fares ;
Darknesse and Death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and Palenesse in my face appears,
And Grief and Fear Loves greatest enemies ;
But, like the Persian Tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud Court and ne're is seen.

4.

Oh take my Heart, and by what means you'l prove
Within too stor'd enough of Love :
Give me but Yours, I'le by that change so thrive,
That Love in all my parts shall live.
So powerfull is this Change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

Clad all in White.

1.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear ?
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear :
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Then Winter when 'tis clad with Snow.

B 3

2. 'Tis

2.

Tis not the Linnen shewes so faire :
 Her skinne shines through, and makes it bright ;
 So Clouds themselves like Suns appear,
 When the Sun pierces them with Light.
 So Lillies in a glasse inclose,
 The Glasse will seem as white as those.

3.

Thou now one heap of beauty art,
 Nought outwards, or within is foule ;
 Condensed beams make every part :
 Thy Body's cloathed like thy Soule.
 Thy soule which does it selfe display,
 Like a starre plac'd i'th the Milky way.

4.

Such robes the Saints departed wear,
 Wooven all with Light divine ;
 Such their exalted Bodies are,
 And with such full glory shine.
 But oh, they 'tend not mortalls pain :
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vaine.

5.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still ;
 Thou wouldst not take this garment sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill,

Of Peace and yeelding who would doubt,
When the White Flags he sees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then loving many.

SO Men who once have cast the truth away,
Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t'adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more.
Their zeal was sencelesse straight, and boundlesse grown:
They worshipt many a Beast, and many a Stone.
Ah faire Apostate! couldst thou think to flee
From Truth and Goodnesse, yet keep Unity?
I reign'd alone, and my blest Selfe could call
The Universall Monarch of her All.
Mine, mine her fair East-Indies were above,
Where those Suns rise that chear the world of Love;
Where Beauties shine like gems of richest price:
Where Corall grows, and every breath is spice:
Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
Where Mines of gold and treasures grow.
But as, when the Pellæan Conqueror di'd,
Many small Princes did his Crown divide,
So since my Love has vanquisht world forsook,
Murther'd by poisons from her falshoods took,
An hundred petty Kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious Empire of her Heart.

My Heart discovered.

HEr body is so gently bright,
Clear, and transparent to the sight,
(Clear as fair Christall to the view,
Yet soft as that, ere Stone it grew ;)
That through her flesh, me thinks, is seen
The brightest Soule that dwels within :
Our eyes through th' radiant covering passe,
And see that Lilly through its Glasse.
I through her Breast, her Heart espy,
As Soules in hearts do Soules descry.
I see't with gentle Motions beat ;
I see light in't but find no heat,
Within like Angels in the sky,
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly :
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chaste, as Mother Minde.
But oh, what other heart is there,
Which sighs and cròuds to hers so neer ?
'Tis all on flame, and does like fire
To that, as to it's Heaven aspire.
The wounds are many in't and deep ;
Still does it bleed, and still does weep,
Whose ever wretched Heart it be,
I cannot chuse but grieve to see :
What pitty in my Breast does raigne ?
Me thinks I feel all its pain.
So torn and so defac'd it lies,
That it could neera be known by th' eyes :

But

But, Oh, at last I heard it groan,
 And knew by th' Voice that t'was mine owne:
 So poor Alcione, when she saw
 A shipwrackt body to'wards her draw
 Beat by the waves, let fall a Tear,
 Which only then did Pitty wear:
 But when the Corps on shore were cast,
 Which she her husband found at last:
 What should the wretched widow do?
 Grief chang'd her strait; away she flew,
 Turn'd to a Bird: and so at last shall I
 Both from my Murther'd Heart, and Murth'rer fly.

Answer to the Platonicks.

SO *Angels love*, so let them for me;
 When I'me all Soule, such shall my Love too be:
 Who nothing here but like a Sp'rit would do,
 In a short time beleeve'twill be one too,
But'shal our Love do what in Beasts we see?
 Even Beasts eat too, but not so wel as We,
 And you as justly might in thirst refuse,
 The use of Wine, because Beasts Water use,
 They tast those pleasures as they do their food;
 Undrest tthey tak't, devour it raw and crude:
 But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
 And adds the poignant sawce of sharp desire,
Beasts do the same, 'tis true: but antient fame
 Sayes, Gods themselves turn'd Beasts to do the same.
 The Thunderer,, who, without the female bed,
 Could Goddeses bring forth from out his head,

Chose

Chose rather Mortals this way to create ;
 So much he 'steemd his pleasure, 'bove his state.
 Ye talk of *fires which shine, but never burne;*
 In this cold world they'le hardly serve our turne ;
 As uselesse despairing Lovers growne ,
 As Lambent flames, to men ith Frigid Zone.
 The Sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
 With Nuptiall warmth, to bring forth things below ;
 Such is Loves noblest and divinest heat,
 That warms like his, and does like his beget.
 Lust you call this, a name to yours most just,
 If an inordinate Desire be Lust :
 Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
 More lussful was, then the hot youth of Troy.

The vain Love.

*Loving one first because she could love no body ,
 Afterwards loving her with desire.*

WHat new-found Witchcraft was in thee,
 With thine own Cold to kindle Mee ?
 Strange art! like him that should devise
 To make a Burning-Glasse of Ice :
 When winter so the Plants would harme,
 Her snow it selfe does keep them warme :
 Fool that I was! who having found
 A rich and Sunny Diamond,
 Admir'd the hardnesse of the Stone :
 But not the light with which it shone :
 Your brave and haughty scorn of all
 Was stately, and Monarchicall.

All Gentlenesse with that esteem'd
 A dull and slavish vertue seem'd :
 Should you have yeelded then to me,
 You had lost what most I lov'd in thee :
 For who would serve one, whom he sees
 That he can Conquer if he please ?
 It far'd with me, as if a slave
 In Triumph lead, that does perceive
 With what a gay Majestick pride
 His Conqueror through the streets does ride,
 Should be contented with his woe,
 Which makes up such a comely show.
 I sought not from thee a returne,
 But without Hopes or Fears did burn :
 My covetous Passion did approve
 The Hoording up, not Use of Love.
 My Love a kind of Dream was grown,
 A Foolish but a Pleasant one :
 From which I'me wakened now, but oh,
 Prisoners to dy are wakened so.
 For now my Fires and Wishes are
 Nothing but Longings with Despair.
 Despair, whose torments no men sure
 But Lovers and the Damn'd endure.
 Her scorn I doted once upon,
 Ill object for Affection.
 But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd
 That yet 'twas something that I lov'd :
 Now my desires are worse and flee
 At an Impossibility :
 Desires, which whilst so high they soare,
 Are proud as that I lov'd before.
 What lover can like me complain,
 Who first lov'd vainly, next in vaine ?

The Soule.

I.

IF mine Eyes do ere declare
 They have seen a second thing that's fair :
 Or Ears that they have Musick found ,
 Besides thy Voice in any Sound ;
 If my tast do ever meet,
 After thy Kisse with ought that's sweet ;
 If my abused Touch allow ,
 Ought to be smooth, or soft but You:
 If, what seasonable Springs,
 Or the Eastern Summer brings,
 Do my Smell perswade at all
 Ought Perfume; but thy Breath to call :
 If all my senses Objects be
 Not contracted into Thee,
 And so through Thee more powerfull passe,
 As Beams do through a Burning Glasse :
 If all things that in Nature are
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
 Are not in thee so Epitomiz'd,
 May I as worthlesse seem to Thee
 As all, but Thou, appears to Mee.

2.

If I ever Anger know
 Till some wrong be done to You ;

If Gods or Kings my Envy move,
 Without their Crowns crown'd by thy Love;
 If ever I an hope admitt,
 Without thy Image stamp't on it :
 Or any fear till I begin
 To find that You'r concern'd therein;
 If a Joy ere come to Me,
 That tast's of any thing but Thee:
 If any Sorrow touch my Mind,
 Whilst You are well and not unkind :
 If I a minutes space debate,
 Whether I shall curse and hate :
 The things beneath thy hatred fall,
 Though 'll the World My selfe and all :
 And for Love, if ever I
 Appear to it again so nigh,
 As to allow a Toleration
 To the least glimmering Inclination;
 If thou alone do not controule
 All those Tyrants of my Soule,
 And to thy Beauties tye'st them so,
 That constant they as Habits grow;
 If any Passion of my Heart,
 By any force, or any art,
 Be brought to move one step from Thee,
 Maist Thou no Passion have for Mee.

3.

If my busie Imagination
 Do not Thee in all things fashion :
 So that all Fair Species be
 Hyeroglyphick marks of Thee;

If when She her sports does keep,
 (The lower Soule being all asleep)
 She play one Dream with all her art
 Where Thou hast not the longest part.
 If ought get place in my Remembrance
 Without some badge of thy resemblance,
 So that thy parts become to me
 A kind of Art of Memory:
 If my Understanding do
 Seek any Knowledge but of You
 If she do near thy Body prize
 Her Bodies of Philosophies,
 If She to the Will do show
 Ought desirable but You,
 Or if That would not rebell,
 Should she another Doctrine tell:
 If my Will do not resign
 All her Liberty to thine;
 If she would not follow Thee,
 Though Fate and Thou shouldst disagree:
 And if for I a curse will give,
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My soul be not entirely Thine,
 May thy dear Body ne'r be Mine.

The Passions.

I.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free
 And all the Passions els that be,
 In vain I boast of Liberty,

In vain this State a Freedome call:
 Since I have Love, and Love is all:
 Sot that I am, who think it fit to bragge,
 That I have no Disease beside the Plague!

2.

So in a zeale the Sons of Israel,
 Sometimes upon their Idols fell:
 And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
 Baal, and Astarte down they threw,
 And Accaron, and Molock too;
 All this imperfect Piety did no good,
 Whilst yet alas the Calfe of Bethel stood.

3.

Fondly I boast that I have drest my Vine
 With painfull Art, and that the wine
 Is of a tast rich and divine,
 Since love by mixing poyson there,
 Has made it worse then vineger.
 Love even the tast of Nectar changes so,
 That Gods chose rather water here below:

4.

Fear, Anger, hope, all passions else that be,
 Drive this one Tyrant out of Me.
 And practise all your Tyranny;
 Thec hange of ils some good wil do;
 Th'oppressed wretched Indians so,
 Being flovcs by the great Spanish Monarch made,
 Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

Wisdome

Wisdom.

TIs mighty Wife that you would now be thought
 With your grave Rules frō musty Morals brought,
 Through which some streaks too of Div'nity ran,
 Partly of Monke, and partly Puritan:
 With tedious Repetitions too y'ave tane
 Often the name of Vanity in vain,
 Things which I take it, friend you'd nere recite,
 Should she I love, but say t'you, *Come at night.*
 The wisest King refus'd all pleasures quite,
 Till Wisdom from above did him enlight:
 But when that gifts his ignorance did remove,
 Pleasures he chose and plac'd them all in Loves
 And if by event the counsels may be seen,
 This wisdom 'twas that brought the Southern Queen.
 She came not like a good old Wife to know
 The wholsome nature of all plants that grow:
 Nor did so farre from her own Country come,
 To cure Scal'd heads, and broken shins at home:
 She came for that which more befits all VVives,
 The art of Giving, not of Saving lives.

The Despair.

I.

BEneath this gloomy shade,
 By Nature only for my sorrows made,

I'll spend this voice in cries,
In tears I'll waſt theſe eyes
By Love ſo vainly fed;
So Luſt of old the Deluge puniſhed.
Ah wretched youth, ſaid I!
Ah wretched youth! twice did I ſadly cry;
Ah wretched youth! the fields and floods reply:

2.

When thoughts of Love I entertaine,
I meet no words, but *Never*, and *In vaine*.
Never (alas) that dreadfull name,
Which ſewells the infernall flame:
Never, my time to come muſt waſt;
In vaine, torments the preſent and the paſt.
In vain, in vain! ſaid I;
In vain, in vain! twice did I ſadly cry;
In vain, in vain, the fields and floods reply:

3.

No more ſhall fields or floods do ſo;
For I to ſhades more dark and ſilent go:
All this worlds noiſe appears to me
A dull ill-aſted Comedy:
No comfort to my wounded ſight
In the Suns buſie and impert'nent Light.
Then down I laid my head;
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead:
And my freed Soul to a ſtrange Somewhere fled.

C

4. Ah

4.

Ah sottish Soule; said I :
 When back t'o his Cage again I saw it fly :
 Fool to resume his broken chain!
 And row his Galley here again!
 Fool to that body to returne,
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !
 Once dead, how can it be,
 Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,
 That thou shouldst come to live it o're again in mee?

The Wise.

1.

Well then, I now do plainly see,
 This busie world and I shall nere agree :
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
 And they me thinks deserve my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The Croud, and Buz, and Murmurings
 Of this great Hive, the City.

2.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave
 May I a small House, and large Garden have!
 And a few Friends, and many Books, both true,

Both

THE MISTRESS.

31

Both wise, and both delightfull too !
And since Love neer wil from me flee ,
A Mistresse moderately fair,
And good as Guardian Angels are,
Onely beloved, and loving me.

3.

Oh, Founts! Oh, when in you shall I
My selfe, eas'd of unpeacefull thoughts, espy ?
Oh, Fields! Oh, Woods! when, shall I be made
The happy Tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring head of Pleasures flood :
Here's wealthy Natures Treasury,
Where all the Riches lye that she
Has coin'd and stamp't for good.

4.

Pride and Ambition here ,
Onely in farre fetcht Metaphors appear :
Here nought but winds can hurtfull Murmurs scatter,
And nought but eccho flatter.
The Gods when they descended, hither
From heaven did alwaies choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

5.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She, live, and embracing dye ?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In desarts solitude.

C 2

I should then this only fear,
 Left men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should all come imitate Mee,
 And so make a City here.

My Diet.

1.

NOW by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
 None loves you halfe so well as I:
 I do not ask your Love for this,
 But for heavens sake believe me, or I dy.
 No Servant ere, but did deserve
 His Master should believe that he does serve;
 And I'll ask no more wages, though I serve.

2.

Tis no luxurious Diet this, and sure
 I shall not by't too lusty prove;
 Yet shall it willingly endure,
 If't can but keep together Life and Love.
 Being your Prisoner and your slave
 I do not Feasts and Banquets look to have,
 A little Bread and Water's all I crave.

3.

O'n a sigh of Pity I a yeer can live,
 One Tear will keep me twenty at least,

Fifty a gentle look will give;
 An hundred years on one kind word I'le feast;
 A thousand more will added be
 If you an Inclination have for Mee;
 And all beyond is vast Æternity.

The Thiefe.

1.

THOU rob'st my Daies of businesse and delights,
 Of sleep thou rob'st my Nights:
 Ah lovely Thiefe, what wilt thou doe?
 What? rob me of Heaven too?
 Even in my prayers thou hauntest me;
 And I, with wild Idolatry
 Begin to God, and end them all, to Thee.

2.

Is it a Sinne to Love, that it should thus
 Like an ill Conscience torture us?
 What ere I do, where ere I go,
 (None Guiltlesse ere was haunted so)
 Still, still, me thinks thy face I view,
 And still thy shape does me pursue,
 As if, not you Mee, but I had murdered You.

3.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
 But thy Name all the Letters make;

C 3

What

THE MISTRES.

What ere 'tis writ, I find that there,
 Like Points and Comma's every where ;
 Me blest for this let no man hold,
 For I, as *Midas* did of old,
 Perish by turning every thing to Gold.

What do I seek, alas, or what do I
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly ?
 For making thee my Deitie
 I gave thee then Ubiquitie,
 My pains resemble Hell in this ;
 The divine presence there too is,
 But to torment Men, not to give them blisse.

All over, Love.

I.

Tis well, 'tis well with them (say I)
 Whose short liv'd Passions with themselves can dye:
 For none can be unhappy, who
 'Midst all his ills a time does know
 (Though nere so long) when he shall not be so.

I.

What ever parts of Me remain,
 Those parts will still the Love of Thee retain;
 For 'twas not only in my Heart,

But

But like a God by powerfull Art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every Part.

3.

My Affection no more perish can.
Then the first Matter that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one Dust of Me
Mixt with anothers Substance be,
'Twill Leaven that whole Lump with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if she please disperse
My Atoms over all the Universe,
At the last they easily shall,
Themselves know, and together call,
For thy Love, like a Mark, is stamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

1.

NOW sure, within this twelve-month past
I have lov'd at least some twenty yeares or more :
The account of Love runs much more fast
Then that with which our Life does score :
So though my Life be short, yet I may prove
The great Methusalem of Love.

C 4

Nor

But

2.

Not that Loves Howers or Minutes are
 Shorter then those our Being's measured by :
 But they'r more close compacted farre,
 And so in lesser room do ly.
 Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
 Things solid toke up little place.

3.

Yet Love, alas, and Life in mee
 Are not two severall things, but purely one,
 At once how can there in it be
 A double different Motion?
 O yes, there may : for so the selfe same Sunne,
 At once does slow and swiftly run,

4.

Swiftly his daily course he goes,
 And walks his Annuall with a statelier pace ;
 And does three hundred rounds enclose
 Within one yearly Circles space.

5.

When Soule does to my selfe referre,
 'Tis then my life, and does bnt slowly move ;
 But when it does relate to her,
 It swiftly flies, and then is love,
 Lov e's my Diurnall course, divided right
 'Twixt Hope and Fear, my Day and Night,

The

The Bargain.

1.

TAke heed, take heed thou lovely Maid,
 Not be by glittering ills betraid;
 Thy selfe for Mony? oh, let no man know
 The Price of beauty faine so low!
 What dangers oughtst thou not to dread,
 When Love that's Blind, is by blind Fortune led?

2.

The foolish Indian that sells
 His pretious Gold for beads and bells,
 Does a more wise and gainfull traffick hold,
 Then thou who sell'st hy selfe for gold.
 What gaines in such a bargain are?
 Hee'le in thy Mines dig better Treasures farre.

3.

Can Gold, alas, with Thee compare?
 The Sun that makes it's not so faire;
 The Sun which can nor make nor ever see
 A thing so beautifull as Thee
 In all the journeys he does passe,
 Though the Sea served him for a looking glasse.

Bold

4.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd Thee,
 Since Magus none so bold as he,
 Thou'rt so divine a thing, that Thee to buy,
 Is to be counted Simony;
 Too dear he'll finde his sordid price,
 Ha's forfeited that, and the Benefice.

5.

If it be lawfull Thee to buy,
 Ther's none can pay that rate but I:
 Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
 But what on earth's most like to Thee.
 And that my Heart does only bear:
 For there Thy selfe, Thy very selfe is there.

6.

So much thy selfe doe in me live,
 That when for it thy selfe I give,
 'Tis but to change that piece of Gold for this,
 Whose stampe and value equall is.
 Yet lest the weight be counted bad,
 My Soule and Body, two Grains more, I'll adde.

The

The long Life.

1.

Love from Times wings hath stolne the feathers sure,
 He has; and put them to his owne :
 For Howers of late as long as Daies endure,
 And very Minutes How'rs are grown.

2.

The various Motions of the turning Year,
 Belong ~~not now~~ at all to Mee :
 Each Summers Night does Lucies now appear,
 Each Winter Day ~~Saint Barnabie~~.

3.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is ?
 To look into a glasse I fear ;
 And am surpris'd with wonder when I misse,
 Grey haire and wrinkles there.

4.

Th'old Patriarchs age and not their happines too
 Why does hard fate to us restore ?
 Why does Loves Fire thus to Mankind renew,
 What the Flood washt away before ?

5. Sure

5.

Sure those are happy people that complain,
 O' the shortnesse of the daies of Man :
 Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
 To th' ordinary Span.

6.

If when your gift, long Life, I disapprove,
 I too ingratefull seem to be ;
 Punish me justly, heaven : make Her to love,
 And then t'will be too short for Mee.

Councell.

1.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam touch
 The wound, which you your selfe have made ;
 That pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of your hand affraid,
 Cordialls of pittie give me now,
 For I too weak for Purgings grow,

2.

Doe but a while with patience stay ;
 For Counsell yet will do no good,

Till Time, and Rest, and Heaven allay,
 The violent burnings of my blood,
 For what effect from this can flow,
 To chide men drunk, for being so?

3.

Perhaps the Physick's good you give
 But nere to me can usefull prove:
 Med'cines may Cure, but not Revive;
 And I'me not Sick, but Dead in Love,
 In Loves Hell, not his World, am I;
 At once I Live, am Dead, and Dy.

4.

What new found Rhetorick is thine?
 Even thy Diffwassions me perswade,
 And thy great power does clearest shine,
 When thy Commands are disobeyed.
 In vain thou bidst me to forbear;
 Obedience were Rebellion here.

5.

Thy Tongue comes in as if it meant
 Against thine Eyes t'assist my Heart;
 But different farre was his intent:
 For strait the Traitor took their part.
 And by this new foe I'me bereft
 Of all that Little which was left.

6. The

6.

The act I must confesse was wise,
 As a dishonest act could be :
 Well knew the Tongue (alas) your Eyes
 Would be too strong for That, and mee.
 And part o' the Triumph chose to get,
 Rather then be a part of it.

Resolved to be beloved.

1.

TIs true, I have lov'd already three or foure,
 And shall three or foure hundred more :
 I'll love each fair one that I see,
 Till I finde one at last that shall love mee.

2.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatall soile,
 That ends my wandrings, and my toile.
 Ile settle there and happy grow ;
 The Country does with Milk and Honey flow.

3.

The Needle trembles so, and turnes about :
 Till it the Northern point find out :

But

But constant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his dearest Pole as soon may move.

4.

Then may my Vessell torn and shipwrackt be,
If it put forth again to Sea :
It never more abroad shall come,
Though't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

5.

But I must sweat in Love, and labour yet,
Till I a Competency get.
They'r slothfull fools who leave a Trade,
Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not ; give me One
To live perpetually upon.
The person Love does to us fit,
Like Manna, hath the Tast of all in it.

The same.

I.

FOR Heavens sake what d' you mean to do?
Keep me or let me go, one of the two ;
Youth and warm hours let me not idely loose,
The little Time that Love does choose ;

If alwaies here I must not stay,
 Let me be gone whilst yet 'tis day;
 Lest I faint and benighted lose my way.

2.

'Tis dismall, One so long to love
 In vaine, till to love more as vain must prove:
 To hunt so long one nimble prey, till wee
 Too weary to take others be;
 Alas 'tis folly to remain,
 And wast our Army thus in vain,
 Before a City, which will nere be tane.

3.

At severall hopes wisely to fly,
 Ought not to be esteem'd Inconstancy:
 'Tis more Inconstant alwaies to pursue
 A thing that alwaies flies from you;
 For that at last may meet a bound,
 But no end can to this be found,
 'Tis nought but a perpetuall fruitlesse Round.

4.

When it does Hardnesse meet and Pride,
 My Love does then rebound t'another side:
 But if it ought that's soft and yeelding hit;
 It lodges there, and stayes in it.
 What ever t'is shall first love mee,
 That it my Heaven may truly be;
 I shall be sure to give't Eternity.

The Discovery.

1.

BY Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis Shee;
 Why should She asham'd or angry be,
 To be belov'd by Mee?
 The Gods may give their Altars o're;
 They'll smooke but seldom any more,
 If none but Happy Men must them adore.

2.

The Lightning, which tall Oakes oppose in vain,
 To strike sometimes does not disdain,
 The humble Furzes of the Plain.
 She being so high, and I so low,
 Her power by this doth greater show,
 Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthlesse prove,
 That nought on earth can towards her move
 Till't be exalted by her Love.
 Equall to her, alas, ther's none;
 She like a Deity is growne:
 That must Create, or else must be alone.

D

4. If

If there be man who thinks himself so high,
 As to pretend equality,
 He deserves her less, then I;
 For he would cheat for his relieve;
 And one would give with lesser grief
 To an undeserving Beggar, then a Thiefe,

Against Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if ere thou grant:
 Much of my Veneration thou must want,
 Whence once thy kindnesse puts my Ignorance out
 For a learn'd Age is alwaies least devout.
 Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
 Goddesse and Woman too, thou canst not be;
 Thou'rt Queen of all that sees thee; and as such
 Must neither Tyrannize, nor yeeld to much;
 Such freedome give as may admit command,
 But keep the Forts, and Magazines in thine hand.
 Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
 My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous still,
 Lest I like the Pellæan Prince should be,
 And weep for other worlds hav'ng conquerd thee;
 When Love has taken all thou hast away,
 His strength by too much riches will decay.
 Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
 Then Women can be plac'd by Natures hand;
 And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
 To change Thee, as Thou'rt there, for very Thee.

Thy

Thy sweetnesse is so much within me plac'd,
 That shouldst thou Nectar give't would spoile the tast,
 Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
 'Tis Natures Jugling trick to cheat the sight,
 Wee'admire it, whilst unknown, but after more
 Admire our selves, for liking it before.
 Love, like a greedy Hawke, if we give way,
 Does over-gorge himself, with his own Prey;
 Of very hopes a surfeit he'll sustain,
 Unlesse by fears he cast them up again.
 His spirit and sweetnesse dangers keep alone;
 If once he lose his sting he growes a Drone.

Love undiscovered.

1.

Others may with safety tell
 The moderate Flames which in them dwell;
 And either find some Med'cin there,
 Or cure themselves even by Despair;
 My Love's so great that it might prove
 Dangerous to tell her that I Love.
 So tender is my wound, it must not bear
 Any salute though of the kindest aire.

2.

I would not have her know the pain,
 The Torments for her I sustain.
 Lest too much goodnesse make her throw
 Her Love upon a Fate too low.

Forbid it Heaven my Life should be
 Weigh'd with her least Conveniencies;
 No: let me perish rather with my grief,
 Then to her disadvantage find reliefe.

3.

Yet when I dye my last breath shall
 Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
 Like covetous men who nere discry
 Their deare hid Treasures till they dye.
 Ah fairest Mayd, how should it chear
 My Ghost, to get from Thee a Tear!
 But take heed: for if me thou Pittiest then,
 Twenty to one but I shall live again.

The given Heart.

I.

I Wonder what those Lovers mean, who say
 They have given their Hearts away.
 Some good kind Lover, tell me how;
 For mine is but a Torment to me now.

2.

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,
 For what do they complain?
 What courtesie can Love do more,
 Then joyne Hearts, that parted were before?

3.

Woe to her stubborn Heart, if once mine come
 Into the selfe same roome ;
 'Twill tear and blow up all within, |
 Like a Granado shot into a Magazin.

4.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts,
 Of both our broken Hearts ;
 Shall out of both one new one make
 From hers, th'Allay, from mine the Mettall take.

5.

For of her heart, he from the Flames will find
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No drosse was there, to perish in the Fire.

The Prophet.

1.

Teach me to Love ? go teach thy selfe more witt ;
 I chief Professour am of it.
 Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews ,
 Teach boldnesse to the Stews ,

D 3

In

In Tyrants Courts teach supple flattery,
 Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to lye.
 Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,
 Teach restlesse fountains how to flow,
 Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,
 Teach Women kind, Inconstancy and Pride.
 See if your diligence here will usefull prove;
 But, neither, teach not me to Love.

2.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,
 May learn to love from Mee.
 He who does boast that he has bin
 In every Heart since Adams sinne,
 Ile lay my Life, my Mrs. on't, that's more;
 Ile teach him things he never knew before:
 Ile teach him a Receipt to make
 Tears, which shall understand, and speak:
 Ile teach him Sighes, like those in Death,
 At which the Soule goes out too with the breath,
 Still the Soule staves, yet still does from me runne:
 As light and heat does with the Sun.

3.

'Tis I who Loves Columbus am; tis I:
 Who must new Worlds in it descry.
 Rich Worlds that yield of Treasure more,
 Than all that has been known before.
 And yet like his (I fear) my Fate must be,
 To find them out for others, not for Me,
 Mee'times to come, I know it, shall

Loves last and greatest Prophet call.
 But, ah, what's this, if she refuse,
 To hear the wholesome Doctrines of my Muse?
 If to my share the Prophets Fate must come.
 Hereafter Fame, here Martyrdome.

The Resolution.

1.

THe Devill take those foolish men,
 Who gave you first such powers;
 Wee stood on even grounds till then,
 If any odds, Creation made it ours.

2.

For shame let these weak chaines be broke;
 Lets our slight bonds like Sampson tear;
 And nobly cast away that yoake,
 Which we nor our Forefathers ere could bear.

3.

French Lawes forbid the female Reign,
 Yet Love does them to slavery draw,
 Alas, if wee'le our rights maintain.
 Tis all Mankind must make a Salique Law.

D 4

Called

Called Inconstant.

1.

HA! ha! you think y'have kill'd my fame;
 By this not understood, yet common Name;
 A Name, that's full and proper when assigned
 To Womankind:
 But when you call us so,
 It can at best but for a Metaphor go.

2.

Can you the shore Inconstant call,
 Which still as Waves passe by, embraces all?
 That had as leife the same waves alwaies love,
 Did they not from him move?
 Or can you faults with Pilots finde
 For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

3.

Since drunk with vanity you fell:
 The things turne round to you that stedfast dwell;
 And you your selfe who from us take your flight
 Wonder to find us out of sight.
 So the same errour ceazes you
 As men in motion think the Trees move too.

The

The Welcome.

I.

GO, let the fatted Calf be kill'd ;
 G My Prodigall's come home at last :
 With noble resolutions fill'd,
 And filld with sorrow for the past.
 No more will burn with Love or Wine:
 But quite has left his Women, and his Swine.

2.

Welcome, ah; welcome my poor Heart ;
 Welcome: I little thought, I'le swear,
 ('Tis now so long since we did part)
 Ever again to see thee here :
 Dear wanderer, since from me you fled ,
 How often have I heard that you were dead.

3.

Hadst thou found each womans breast
 (The Lands where thou hast travelled)
 Either by Savages posselt ,
 Or wild, and uninhabited ?
 What joy couldst take, or what repose
 In Countries so unciviliz'd as those ?

4. Last

4.

Lust the scorching Dog-starre here
 Rages with immoderate heat ;
 Whilst Pride the rugged Northern Bear,
 In others makes the cold too great.
 And where these are temperate known,
 The Soil's all barren Land, or rocky Stone,

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
 A rich, well-govern'd Heart ,
 Like China, it admitted you
 But to the Frontiere-part.
 From Paradise shut for evermore,
 What good is't that an angell shut the Door ?

6.

Welfare the Pride and the Disdain
 And Vanities with Beauty joyn'd,
 I nere had seen this Heart again ,
 If any Faire one had been kind;
 My Dove, but once let loose, I doubt
 Would ne're returne had not the Flood been out.

The

The Heart fled again.

1.

FAlse foolish Heart, didst thou not say
 That thou wouldst never leave me more ?
 Behold again 'tis fled away ;
 Fled as farre from me as before.
 I strove to bring it again,
 I cryed and hollowed after it in vain.

2.

Even so the gentle Tyrian Dame,
 When neither Grief nor Love prevail,
 Saw the dear object of her flame
 Th'ingrattfull Trojan hoist his sail
 Aloūd she call'd to him to stay ;
 The wind bore him and her lost words away.

3.

The dolefull Ariadne so,
 On the wide shore forsaken stood :
 False *Theseus*, whither dost thou go ?
 A faire false *Theseus* cut the flood.
 But *Bacchus* came to her reliefe ;
Bacchus himselfe's too weak to ease my griefe.

4. And

4.

Ah sencelesse Heart to take no rest,
 But travail thus eternally !
 Thus to be frozen in every brest !
 And to be scorcht in every Eye !
 Wandring about like wretched *Caine* ;
 Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none slaine !

5.

Well, since thou wilt not here remaine,
 I'll even to live without Thee try ;
 My Head shall take the greater pain,
 And all thy duties shall supply ;
 I can more easly live I know
 Without Thee, then without a Mistris thou,

Womens Superstition.

I.

OR I'me a very Dunce, or Woman-kinde
 Is a most unintelligible thing :
 I can no Sence, nor no Contexture finde,
 Nor their loose parts to Method bring,
 I know not what the Learn'd may see,
 But they'r strange Hebrew things, to Me.

2.

By Customes and Traditions they live,
And foolish Ceremonies of antick date
We Lovers, new and better Doctrines give.
Yet they continue obstinate
Preach we, Loves Prophets, what we will,
Like Jews they keep their old Law still.

3.

Before their Mothers Gods they fondly fall,
Vain Idoll Gods, that have no Sence nor Minde:
Honours their Ashtaroth, and Pride their Baal,
The Thundring Baal of Woman-kind.
With twenty other Devills more,
Which They, as we do Them, adore.

4.

But then like Men, both Covetous and Devout,
Their costly Superstition loath t'omit,
And yet more loath to issue Moneys out,
At their own charge to furnish it.
To these expensive Deities
The Hearts of men they sacrifice.

The

The Soule

1.

Some dull Philosopher when he hears me say,
My Soule is from me fled away.
Nor has of late inform'd my Body here,
But in another's breast does lye,
That neither, is nor will be I,
As a Form Servient, and Assisting there.

2.

Will cry, Absurd! and ask me how I live:
And Syllogismes against it give;
A curse on all your vain Philosophies,
Which on weak Natures Law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and Religion, those great Mysteries.

3.

Her Body is my Soule; laugh not at this,
For by my life I swear it is.
'Tis that preserves my Being and my Breath,
From that proceeds all that I doe,
Nay all my thoughts and speeches too,
And separation from it is my Death.

Eccbo.

Eccbo.

1.

TYred with the rough denials of my prayer,
 From that hard she whom I obey,
 I come in and find a Nymph much gentler here,
 That gives consent to all I say:
 Ah gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well,
 In hollow, solitary Caves to dwell.
 Her Heart being such, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me so.

2.

Complaisant Nymph, who dost thus kindly share,
 In griefs whose cause thou dost not know!
 Hadst thou but Eyes, as well as Tongue and Eare,
 How much compassion wouldst thou show!
 Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
 Was of lesse beauty, and lesse ravishing power;
 Alas I might as easilie,
 Paint thee to her, as describe Her to Thee.

3.

By repercussion Beams engender Fire,
 Shapes by reflexion shapes beget,

The

The voice it selfe, when stopt, does back retire
And a new voice is made by it.

Thus things by opposition

The gainers grow; my barren Love alone,
Does from her stony breast rebound
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

The rich Rivall

I.

They say you'r angry and rant mightily,
Because I love the same as you;
Alas! you'r very rich, 'tis true;
But prithee Foole what's that to Love, and Mee?
You have Land and Money, let that serve,
And know you have more by that then you deserve.

2.

When next I see my fair One, we shall know,
How worthlesse thou art of her bed?
And wretch, Ile strike thee dumbe and dead;
With noble verse not understood by you;
Whilst thy sole Rhetorick shall be
Joynture, and Jewells, and Our Friends agree,

3.

Pox o'your friends that dote and Domineere:
Lovers are better friends then they:
Let's those in other things obey,

The Fates, and Starres, and Gods must govern here.

Vain names of Blood! in Love let none
Advise with any Blood, but with their owne.

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright Maide adore;
No other thought has had access!
Did she now begg I'de love do lesse,
And were she an Empreſse I should love no more;
Were she as just and true to Mee,
Ah, simple soule, what would become of Thee!

Against Hope.

1.

HOpe whose weak Being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed, and if it misse;
Whom Good, or Ill does equally confound,
And both the Hornes of Fates Dilemma wound!
Vain shadow, which dost vanish quite
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night!
The Starres have not a possibility
Of blessing Thee;
If things then from their End we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all;

E

2. Hope

2.

Hope thou bold Taster of Delight,
 Who whilst thou shouldst but tast, devour'st it quite!
 Thou bringst us an Estate, yet leav'st us Poor,
 By clogging it with Legacies before!

The Joyes which we entire should wed,
 Come deflour'd Virgins to our bed;
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty Customes paid to Thee.
 For Joy, like Wine, kept close, does better tast,
 If it take air, before his spirits wast.

3.

Hope, Fortunes cheating Lotterie!
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
 Fond Archer, Hope, who tak'st thy aime so farre,
 That still or short or wide thine arrowes are!

Thin, empty Cloud, which th'eye deceives
 With shapes that our owne Fancie gives!
 A Cloud, which guilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears!
 When thy false beams ore Reasons light prevaile
 By *Ignis fatui* for North Starres we saile.

4.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad!
 The merrier Foole o'th two, yet quite as mad:
 Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire!
 That blows the Chymicks, and the Lovers fire!

Leading

Leading them still insensibly on
 By the strong witchcraft of Anon!
 By Thee the one does changing Nature through
 Her endlesse Labyrinths pursue,
 And th'other chases Woman, whilst She goes
 More waies and turnes then hunted Nature knowes.

For Hope.

I.

Hope, of all Ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universall Cure!
 Thou Captiv's Freedom, and thou sick-Mans Health!
 Thou Losers Victory, and thou Beggars wealth!
 Thou Marina, which from Heaven we eat,
 To every tast a severall Meat!
 Thou strong Retreat! thou sure entail'd Estate;
 Which nought has power to alienate!
 Thou pleasant, honest, Flatterer! for none
 Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone!

2.

Hope, thou first Fruits of Happinesse!
 Thou gentle Downing of a bright Successe!
 Thou good Preparative, without which our Joy
 Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy;
 Who out of Fortunes reach dost stand
 And art a blessing still in hand!
 Whilst Thee, her Earnest Money we retain,
 We certain are to gaine,

Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfill
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill !

Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joyes of Heaven and Earth divided be !
Though Faith be Heire, and have the fixt estate,
Thy Portion yet in Movables is great.

Happineffe it selfe's all one
In Thee, or in Possession !
Only the Futures Thine, the Present His !

Thine's the more hard and noble blisse,
B ft apprehender of our joyes, which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

4.

Hope thou sad Lovers only Friend !
Thou Way that mayst dispute it with the End !
For Love I fear's a fruit that does delight
The tast it selfe lesse then the Smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitfull is
Then Thou canst be, when thou dost misse ;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee
Some other way again to Thee ;
And that's a pleasant Country, without doubt ,
To which all soon returne that travaile out.

Loves

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond ingratefull Sinne,
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary Heart,
 That thou wouldst ere have grown,
 So false or strong to make it all thine owne.

2.

At mine own brest with care I fed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill,
 And daintily I nourisht Thee
 With Idle thoughts and Poetrie!
 What ill returns dost thou allow?
 I fed thee then, and thou dost sterve me now.

3.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,
 Nor hadst the power of doing ill;
 Into my bosome did I take,
 This frozen and benumbed Snake,
 Not fearing from it any harme;
 But now it stings that brest that made it warme;

E 3

4. What

4.

What cursed weed's this Love ! but one grain sow
 And the whole field t'will over-grow ;
 Strait will it choak up and devour
 Each wholesome herbe and-beauteous flowre !
 Nay unlesse something soon I doe,
 T'will kill I fear, my very Lawrell too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
 Declare, protest, and threat in vain.
 Since by my owne unforc't consent
 The Traitor has my Government,
 And is so settled in the Throne,
 That t'were Rebellion now to claim mine owne.

The Frailty.

I.

I Know 'tis fordid, and 'tis low ;
 (All this as well as you I know)
 Which I so hotly now pursue ;
 I know all this as well as you)
 But whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
 And all the Weakness, and the Baseness there,
 Alas, alas, it will be alwaies so.

2. In

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
 I rage sometimes, and bite my Chain; ;
 For to what purpose do I bite
 With Teeth, which nere will break it quite ?
 For if the chiefest Christian Head
 Was by this sturdy Tyrant buffeted ,
 What wonder is it, if weak I be slain ?

3.

As when the Sun appears,
 The Morning Thicknesse clears ;
 So, when my thoughts let sadnesse in,
 And a new Morning does begin,
 If any Beauties piercing ray
 Strike through my Trembling Eyes a suddain day ;
 All those grave fullen Vapours melt in Tears.

Coldnesse.

I.

AS water fluid is, till it do grow
 Solid and fixt by Cold ;
 So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow,
 Frost only can it hold.
A Womans rigour and disdain
 Does his swift course restrain.

E 4

2. Thought

2.

Though constant, and consistent now it be ;
 Yet when kind beams appear,
 It melts and glides apace into the Sea ,
 And loses it selfe there.
 So the Suns amorous play
 Kisses the Ice away.

3.

You may in Vulgar Loves find alwaies this ;
 But my Substantiall Love
 Of a more firm and perfect Nature is ;
 No weathers can it move :
 Though heat dissolve the Ice again,
 The Chrifall solid does remain.

The Injoyment.

i.

Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lye ;
 And like the Sea about it, I ;
 Thou like fair Albion to the Sailors Sight
 Spreading her beauteous Bosome all in White :
 Like the kind Ocean I will be
 With loving Armes for ever clasping Thee.

2. But

2.

But Ile embrace Thee gentlier farre then so ;
 As their fresh Banks soft Rivers do,
 Nor shall the proudest Planet boast a power
 Of making my full Love to ebbe one houre ;
 It never dry nor low can prove,
 Whilst thy unwasted Fountain feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,
 As if like Doves wee'engendred there.
 No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
 In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
 Nought shall my Hands or Lips controule ;
 Ile kisse Thee through, Ile kisse thy very Soule.

4.

Yet nothing but the Night our sports shall know ;
 Night that's both blinde and silent too.
 Alpheus found not a more secret trace—
 His lov'd Sicanian Fountain to embrace,
 Creeping beneath the Ægean Sea,
 Then I will doe t'enjoy, and feast on Thee.

5.

Men, out of Wisdome, Women, out of Pride,
 The pleasant Thefts of Love do hide.
 That may secure thee, but thou hast yet from Mee
 A more infallible Security.

For

For there's no danger I should tell
The Joyes, which are to me unspeakable.

Sleep.

I.

IN vain, thou drousy God, I thee invoke;
For thou who dost from fumes arise,
Thou who Mans Soule dost over-shade
With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his Spirits to choak,
Whose flam's so pure that it sends up no smoak.

2.

Yet how do Tears but from some Vapours rise?
Tears that bewinter all my Year?
The fate of ~~Aegypt~~ Egypt I sustain,
And never feel ~~the~~ dew of Rain,
From Clouds within the Head appear,
But all my too much Moysture owe
To overflowings of the Heart below.

3.

Thou who dost Men (as Nights to Colours doe)
Bring all to an Equality:
Come thou just God, and equall me
A while to my disdainfull Shee;

In that condition let me ly;
 Till Love does the same favour shew;
 Love equalls all a better way then You.

4.

Then never more shalt thou be invoakt by me;
 Watchfull as Spirits, and Gods Ple prove:
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defie.
 For betwixt Thee and them that love,
 Never will an agreement be;
 Thou scorn'st the Unhappy, and the Happy Thee.

Beauty.

1.

Beauty thou wilde fantastick Ape,
 Who dost in every Country change thy shape!
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
 Thou Flatt'rer which complayest with every sight!
 Thou Babel, which confounds the Eye,
 With unintelligible variety!
 Who hast no certain when, nor where,
 But vary'st still, and dost thy selfe declare
 Inconstant, as thy she-Possessours are.

2. Beauty,

2.

Beauty Loves Scene and Maskerade,
So gay by well-plac'd Lights, and Distance made!
False Coyn, with which th'Imposture cheats us still;
The stamp and Colour good, but Mettall ill!

Which Light or Base we find when we
Weigh by enjoyment and examine Thee!

For though thy Being be but show,
'Tis chiefly Night which men to Thee allow:
And choose t' enjoy Thee, when Thou least art Thine.

3.

Beauty, Thou Active, Passive Ill!
Which dy'st thy selfe as fast as thou dost kill!
Thou Tulip, who thy stock in paint dost wast,
Neither for Physick good, nor Smell, nor Taste.

Beauty whose Flames but Meteors are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a Starre,
Who dar'st not thine owne Home descry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the Eye,
When thou, alas, dost in the Fancy lye.

4.

Beauty, whose Conquests still are made
O're Hearts by Cowards kept, or else betraid!
Weak Victor! who thy selfe destroy'd must be
When sicknesse storms, or Time besieges Thee!

Thou'unwholsome Thaw to frozen Age?
Thou strong Wine, which youths Feaver dost enrage,

Thou

Thou Tyrant which leav'st no man free!
 Thou subtle thief, from whom none safe can be!
 Thou Murth'rer which hast kill'd, and Devill which
 (wouldst Damn me.

The Parting.

1.

AS Men in Groen-land left beheld the Sunne
 From their Horizon run;
 And thought upon the sad halfe year
 Of Cold and Darknesse they must suffer there.

2.

So on my parting Mistresse did I look,
 With such swollen eyes my farewell took;
 Ah, my fair Starre, said I,
 Ah those blest Lands to which bright Thou dost flye?

3.

In vain the Men of Learning comfort mee;
 And say I'me in a warme degree;
 Say what they please; I say and swear
 'Tis beyond eighty at least, if you'r not here.

4. It

4.

It is, it is; I tremble with the Frost,
 And know that I the Day have lost;
 And those wild things which Men they call,
 I find to be but Bears and Foxes all.

5.

Returne, returne, gay Planet of the East,
 Of all that shines Thou much the best!
 And as thou now descends to Sea;
 More fair and fresh rise up from thence to Mee.

6.

Thou, who in many a Prop'riety
 So truly art the Sun to Mee,
 Adde one more likenesse, which I'me sure you can,
 And let Mee and my Sunne beget a Man.

My Picture.

I.

Here, take my likenesse with you, whilst 'tis so;
 For when from hence you go,
 The next Suns rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old.
 The Man, who did this Picture draw,
 Will swear next day my face he never saw

2. I

2.

I really beleeve, within a while,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your prefence will such vigour give,
(Your prefence which makes all things live)
And abfence fo much alter Mee,
This will the fubftance, I the fhadow be.

3.

When from your well-wrought Cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it;
Ah be not frighted, if you fee
The new fould Picture gaze on Thee,
And hear it breath a figh or two;
For thofe are the firft things that it will doe.

4.

My Rivall Image will be then thought bleft,
And laugh at me as difpoffeft:
But Thou, who (if I know thee right)
I'th fubftance doth not much delight,
Wilt rather fend again for Mee,
Who then fhalt but my Pictures Picture be,

The

The Concealment.

I.

NO; to what purpose should I speak?
 No wretched Heart, swell till you break!
 She cannot love me if She would;
 And to say truth, 'twere pittie that she should.
 No, to the Grave thy sorrows bear,
 As silent as they will be there:
 Since that lov'd hand this Mortall wound do's give,
 So handsomely the thing contrive,
 That she may guilelesse of it live.
 So perish, that her killing Thee
 May a chance Medley, and no Murther be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
 By her Beauty, not her Anger dye;
 This will look justly, and become
 An Execution, that, a Martyrdome.
 The censuring World will ne're refraine
 From judging men by Thunder slaine.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me
 By being hers, happier then she
 I will not; 'tis a milder Fate
 To fall by her not Loving, then her Hate.

And

THE MISTRES.

77

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear :
When, found in every other part,
Her Sacrifice is found without an Heart.
For the last Tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too with my breath.
Then shall the world my noble ruine see,
Some pittie, and some envy Mee,
Then She her selfe, the mighty Shee
Shall grace my fun'ralls with this truth ;
'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.

The Monopoly.

1.

WHat Mines of Sulphur in my breast do lye,
That feed th'eternall burnings of my heart ?
Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of Vulcans smoky art ;
Vulcan his shop has placed there ,
And Cupids Forge is set up here.

2.

Here all those Arrowes mortall Heads are made,
That flye so thick unseen through yeelding aire ;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade ,
Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadnesse, and Despair.

Ah cruel God ! and why to mee
Gave you this curst Monopoly !

F

3.I

3.

I have the trouble not the gains of it;
 Give me but the disposall of one Dart;
 And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
 Heat as you please your furnace in my Heart.
 So sweet's Revenge to me, that I
 Upon my foe would gladly dye.

4.

Deep into her bosome would I strike the dart;
 Deeper then Woman ere was struck by Thee;
 Thou giv'st them small wounds, & so farre from th'Heart,
 They flutter still about inconstantly.
 Curse on thy Goodnesse, whom we find
 Civill to none but Woman-kind!

5.

Vain God! who women dost thy selfe adore!
 Their wounded Hearts do still retain the powers
 To travail and to wander as before;
 Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that Sex and ours
 So unjustly are distributed;
 They take their Feathers, we the Head.

The

The distance.

I.

I Have followed thee a year at least,
 And never stopt my selfe to rest.
 But yet can thee o'rtake no more,
 Then this Day can the Day that went before.

2.

In this our fortunes equall prove
 To Starres which govern them above;
 Our Starres that move for ever round
 With the same Distance still betwixt them found.

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I strive
 The wheele of Fate faster to drive;
 Since if round swiftlier it flye,
 She in it mends her pace as much as I.

4.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffed are,
 That there can never meet a Pare!
 Tamelier then Wormes are Lovers slaine;
 The wounded Heart ne're turnes to wound again.

F 2

The

The Encrease.

I.

I Thought I'le swear I could have lov'd no more
Then I had done before ;
But you as easily might account
'Till to the topp of numbers you amount ,
As cast up my Loves score.
Ten thousand millions was the summe ;
Millions of endlesse Millions are to come.

2.

I'me sure her Beauties cannot greater grow ;
Why should my Love do so ?
A reall cause at first did move ;
But mine owne Fancy now drives on my Love ,
With shadowes from it self that flow.
My Love, as we in Numbers see ,
By Cyphers is encreast eternally.

3.

So the new made, and untride Sphears above
Took their first turne from th^e hand of Jove ;
But are since that beginning found
By their owne Formes to turne for ever round.

All violent Motions short do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to see
That Love's a Motion Naturall to Mee.

Loves Visibility.

I.

With much of pain, and all the Art I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my Love, and yet all will not doe.

2.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she ;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to Mee.

3.

Men without Love have so oft cunning grown;
That something like it they have shown;
But none that had it ever seem'd to have none.

4.

Loves of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none sees it, cause it selfe is blind.

5.

The very Eye betraies our inward smart ;
 Love of himselfe left there a part ,
 When through it he past into the Heart.

6.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
 But keep the secret wisely, yet ,
 Like Drunkenesse, into the Tongue t'will get.

*Looking on , and discoursing with
 his Mistris.*

1.

THese full two howers now have I gazing been,
 What comfort by it can I gain?
 To look on Heaven with mighty Gulfs between
 Was the great Misers greatest pain :
 So neere was he to Heavens delight ,
 As with the blest converse he might ,
 Yet could not get one drop of water by't.

Ah

2.

Ah wretch: I seem to touch her now; but, oh,
 What boundlesse spaces do us part?
 Fortune, and Friends, and all earths empty show,
 My Lownesse, and her high Desert:
 But these might conquerable prove:
 Nothing does me so farre remove,
 As her hard Soules averſion from my Love.

3.

So Travellers that loſe their way by Night,
 If from a farre they chance t'espy
 Th'uncertain glimmerings of a Tapers light,
 Take flattering hopes and think it nigh;
 Till wearied with the fruitlesse pain,
 They ſit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in Darkneſſe and Deſpair remain.

Resolved to Love.

1.

I Wonder what the Grave and Wiſe
 Think of all us that Love;
 Whether our pretty Fooleries
 Their Mirth or Anger move;
 They underſtand not Breath, that Words do want;
 Our Sighes to them are unſignificant.

2.

One of them saw me th'other day,
 Touch the dear hand which I admire;
 My Soule was melting strait away,
 And dropt before the Fire.
 This silly Wiseman, who pretends to know,
 Ask't why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

3.

Another from my Mistress' dore
 Saw mee with eyes all watry come;
 Nor could the hidden cause explore,
 But thought some smoak was in the room;
 Such Ignorance from unwounded Learning came;
 He knew Tears made by Smoak, but not by Flame.

4.

If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in Love no skill,
 For Gods sake keep your arts from mee,
 For I'll be ignorant still.
 Study or Action others may embrace;
 My Love's my Businesse, and my Books her Face.

5.

These are but trifles I confesse,
 Which mee, weak Mortall, move;
 Nor is your busie Seriousnesse
 Lesse trifling then my Love.

The

The wisest King who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all Vanity, chose it for the best.

My Fate.

1.

GO bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reve'ence it does bend;
Go bid the Stones a journey upward make;
Go bid th'ambitious Flame no more t'ascend:
And when these false to their old Mctions prove,
Then shall I cease Thee, Thee alone to Love.

2.

The fast-link'd Chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing ty more strong, then Mee to You;
My fixt Love hangs not on your Love or Hate;
But will be still the same, what ere you doe,
You cannot kill my Love with your disdain,
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

3.

Mee, mine examples let the Stoicks use,
Their sad and cruell doctrine to maintain,
Let all Predestinators me produce,
Who struggle with eternall bonds in vain.
This Fire I'me born to, but 'tis she must tell,
Whether 't be beams of Heaven; or Flames of Hell.

4. You

4.

You who mens fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas, on Mee;
 But mark her Face, and all the Features heed;
 For only there is writ my Destiny.
 Or if Starres shew it, gaze not on the skies:
 But study the Astrol'ogy of her Eyes.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious waies,
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the Fate of mortall daies
 Is writ in Heaven; but, oh, my Heaven is there.
 What can men learn from Starres, they scarce can see?
 Two great Lights rule the World, and her two, Me.

The Heart-breaking.

1.

IT gave a pittious groan, and so it broke;
 In vain it something would have spoke:
 The Love within too strong for't was,
 Like Poison put into a Venice Glasse.

2.

I thought that this some Remedy might prove,
 But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,
 Cut by this chance in pieces small,
 In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

3.

And now (alas) each little broken part
 Feeles the whole pain of all my Heart:
 And every smallest corner still
 Lives with that torment which the Whole did kill.

4.

Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,
 And into severall Quarters get;
 Each Troop does spoile and ruine more,
 Then all joyn'd in one body did before.

5.

How many Loves raigne in my bosome now?
 How many Loves, yet all of you?
 Thus have I chang'd with evill fate
 My Monarch Love, into a Tyrant State,

Tbo

4.

You who mens fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas, on Mee;
 But mark her Face, and all the Features heed;
 For only there is writ my Destiny.
 Or if Starres shew it, gaze not on the skies:
 But study the Astrol'ogy of her Eyes.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious waies,
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the Fate of mortall daies
 Is writ in Heaven; but, oh, my Heaven is there.
 What can men learn from Starres, they scarce can see?
 Two great Lights rule the World, and her two, Me.

The Heart-breaking.

1.

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 In vain it something would have spoke:
 The Love within too strong for't was,
 Like Poison put into a Venice Glasse.

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How many Loves, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evill fate
My Monarch Love, into a Tyrant State.

The

The Vsurpation.

1.

THou'hadst to my Soule no title or pretence ;
 I was mine owne and free ,
 Till I had given my selfe to Thee ;
 But thou hast me Slave and Prisoner since.
 Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown ,
 Fond Tyrant, I'll depose thee from thy Throne ;
 Such outrages must not admitted be
 In an Elective Monarchy.

2.

Part of my Heart by Gift did to Thee fall ;
 My Country, Kindred, and my best
 Acquaintance were to share the rest ;
 But thou , their Covetous Neighbour, drav'st out all :
 Nay more, thou mak'st me worship Thee,
 And wouldst the rule of my Religion be :
 Was ever Tyrant claim'd such power as you ,
 To be both Emp'rour, and Pope too ?

3.

The publick Miseries, and my private fate
 Deserve some tears : but greedy Thou
 Infatiate Maid ! wilt not allow

That

That I one drop from thee should alienate.
 Nor wilt thou grant my sinnes a part,
 Though the sole cause of most of them thou art,
 Counting my Tears thy Tribute and thy Due,
 Since first mine Eyes I gave to You

4.

Thou all my Joyes, and all my Hopes dost claim,
 Thou ragest like a Fire in me,
 Converting all things into Thee;
 Nought can resist, or not encrease the Flame.
 Nay every Grief, and every Fear
 Thou dost devour, unlesse thy stamp it bear.
 Thy presence like the crowned Basilisks breath,
 All other Serpents puts to death.

5.

As men in Hell are from Diseases free,
 So from all other ills am I;
 Free from their known Formality.
 But all pains eminently lye in Thee.
 Alas, alas, I hope in vain
 My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain,
 Since all the Natives there thou'ast overthrown,
 And planted Garrisons of thine own.

Maidenhead.

Maidenhead.

I.

THou worst Estate even of the sex that's worst;
 Therefore by Nature made at first,
 T'attend the weaknesse of our birth!
 Slight, outward Curtain to the Nuptiall Bed!
 Thou Case to buildings not yet finished!
 Who like the Center of the Earth,
 Dost heavieft things attract to thee,
 Though Thou a point imaginary be.

2.

A thing God thought for Man-kind so unfit,
 That his first blessing ruin'd it.
 Cold frozen Nurse of fiercest fires!
 Who, like the parched plains of Africks sand,
 (A sterill, and a wild unlovely Land)
 Art alwaies scorcht with hot desires,
 Yet barren quite didst thou not bring
 Monsters and Serpents forth thy selfe to sting!

3.

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
 Like a close Conj'urer in his Cell!
 And fear'st the daies discovering Eye!
 No wonder that all that thou shouldst be

Such

Such tedious and unpleasant company,
 Who liv'st so Melancholy!
 Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,
 Which Women lose, and yet no Man can find!

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
 Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
 The search it selfe rewards the pains,
 So, though the Chymick his great secret misse,
 (For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
 Yet things well worth his toyle he gains:
 And does his Charge and Labour richly pay
 With good unsought exper'iments by the way.

5.

Say what thou wilt, Chastity is no more,
 Thee, then a Porter is his Dore:
 In vain to honour they pretend
 Who guard themselves with Ramparts and with Walls,
 Them only Fame the truly valiant calls
 Who can an open breach defend,
 Of thy quick losse can be no doubt,
 Within so Hated, and so Lov'd without.

The

Impossibilities.

1.

Impossibilities? oh no, there's none;
 Could mine bring thy Heart Captive home;
 As easily other dangers were o'rethrown,
 As *Cesar* after vanquish't Rome,
 His little *Asian* foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by Fortune are envy'd,
 Oft Earth and Hell against them strive;
 But Providence engages on their side,
 And a good end at last does give;
 At last Just Men and Lovers alwaies thrive.

3.

As starres (not powerfull else) when they conjoyn,
 Change, as they please, the Worlds estate;
 So thy Heart in Conjunction with mine
 Shall our own fortunes regulate;
 And to the Stars themselves prescribe a Fate.

4.

'T would grieve me much to find some bold Romance
 That should too kind examples shew,

Which

Which before us in wonders did advance;
 Not, that I thought that story true,
 But none should Fancy more, then I would Doe.

5.

Through spite of our worst Enemies, thy Friends,
 Through Locall Banishment from mee;
 Through the loud thoughts of selfe-concerning Ends,
 As easie shall my passage be,
 As was the Am'orous Youth's ore Helles Sea.

6.

In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows roare;
 In vaine the Starres their aid deni'd:
 He saw the Sestian Tower on th'other shore;
 Shall th'Hellespont our Loves divide?
 No, not th'Atlantick Oceans boundlesse Tide;

7.

Such Seas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
 But, gentle Maid, doe not deny
 To let thy Beams shine on me from asarre;
 And still that Taper let me 'espy:
 For when thy Light goes out, I sinke, and dye.

G

Silence.

Silence.

1.

Curse on this Tongue that has my Heart betraid,
And his great Secret open laid!
For of all persons chiefly She,
Should not the ills I suffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow,
Only in her to Pitty Me:
Since 'tis for Me to lose my Life more fit,
Then 'tis for her to save and ransom it.

2.

Ah never more shall thy unwilling eare,
My helpeffe story hear.
Discourse and talk away does keep
Th: rude unquiet pain,
That in my Brest does raig;
Silence perhaps may make it sleep.
Ple bind that Sore up, I did ill reveal;
The Wound if once it Close, may chance to Heal.

3.

No, 'twill nere heal; my Love will never dye,
Though it should Speechleffe lye.
A River ere it meet the Sea,
As well might stay its source,

As my Love can his course,
 Unlesse it joyne and mix with Thee.
 If any end or stop of it be found,
 We know the Flood runs still, though under-ground.

The Dissembler.

1.

U Nhurt, untoucht did I complain;
 And terrifi'd all others with the pain:
 But now I feel the mighty evill;
 Ah, there's no fooling with the Devill!
 So wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
 Themselves have met a reall Spright.

2.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome ly
 Had been no sinne at all in Poetry:
 But now I suffer an Arrest
 For words were spoke by me in jest.
 Dull, sottish God of Love, and can it be
 Thou understand'st not Raillerie?

3.

Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,
 I nam'd but for the Rhyme, or the Conceit.
 Nor meant my verse should raised be
 To this sad fame of Prophecie;
 Truth gives a Dull Propriety to my stile,
 And all the Metaphors does spoile.

4.

In things, where Fancy much does reigne,
 Tis dangerous too cunningly to feigne.
 The Play at last a Truth does grow,
 And Custome into Nature goe.
 By this curst art of begging I became
 Lane with counterfeiting Lane.

5.

My Lines of amorous desire
 I wrot to kindle and blow others fire :
 And 'twas a barbarous delight
 My Fancy promise'd from the fight ;
 But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I
 My burning Bull the first doe try.

The Inconstant.

I.

I Never yet could see that face
 Which had no dart for mee ;
 From fiftene yeares to fifties space
 They all victorious bee.
 Love thou'rt a Dev'll ; if I may call thee One,
 For sure in Mee thy name is Legion.

2.

Colour, or Shape, good Limbes, or Fate,
 Goodnesse or Wit in all I finde.
 In Motion or in Speech a grace,
 If all faile, yet 'tis Womankind;
 And I'me so weake, the Pistoll need not bee
 Double or treble charg'd to murder Mee.

3.

If Tall, the Name of Proper flays;
 If faire, shee's pleasant as the Light;
 If Low, her Prettinesse does please;
 If Black, what Lover loves not Night?
 If yellow hair'd, I Love, lest it should bee
 Th' excuse to others for not loving Mee.

4.

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my heart;
 The Leane, with Love makes me too so,
 If Streight, her Bodie's Cupids Dart
 To mee, if Crooked, 'tis his Bow.
 Nay Age it selfe does mee to rage encline,
 And strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.

5.

Just halfe as large as Charitie
 My richly-landed Love's become;

And judg'd aright is Constancy,
 Though it take up a larger roome:
 Him, who loves alwaies one, why should they call
 More Constant, then the Man loves Alwaies All?

6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
 Through all Loves Gardens and his Fields;
 And, like the wise industrious Bee,
 No Weed, but Honey to me yields!
 Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
 Though I return not home with laden Thighes.

7.

My Soule at first instead did prove
 Of prety strength against a Dart,
 Till I this Habit got of Love;
 But my consum'd and wasted Heart
 Once burnt to Tinder with a strong Desire,
 Since that by every Spark is set on Fire.

The Constant.

I.

Great, and wise Conqueror, who where ere
 Thou com'st, dost fortifie, and settle there!
 Who canst defend as well as get;

And

And never hadst one Quarter beat up yet;
 Now thou art in, Thou nere wilt part
 With one inch of my vanquisht Heart:
 For since thou took'st it by assault from Mee,
 'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of Thee,
 It fears no beauteous Enemy.

2.

Had thy charming strength been lesse,
 I had serv'd ere this an hundred Mistresses.
 I'me better thus, and would compound
 To leave my Pris'on to be a Vagabound.
 A Pris'on in which I still would be,
 Though every dore stood ope to Mee,
 In spite both of thy Coldnesse and thy Pride,
 All Love is Marriage on thy ~~Love's~~ side,
 For only Death can then divide.

3.

Close Narrow Chain, yet soft and kind,
 As that which Spir'its above to good does bind!
 Gentle and sweet Necessitie,
 Which does not force, but guide our Libertie!
 Your Love on Me were spent in vain,
 Since my Love still could but remain
 Just, as it is; for what alas can be
 Added to that which hath Infinitie
 Both in Extent and Qualitie.

Her Name.

1.

With more then Iewish Reverence as yet
Doe I the Sacred Name conceal;
When, yee kind Starres, ah when will it bee fit
His Gentle Myst'ery to reveal?
When will our Love bee Nam'd, and we possesse
That Christning as a Badge of Happinesse?

2.

Soe bold as yet no verse of mine has been
To weare that Gemme on any Line;
Nor, till the happy Nuptiall Muse be seen,
Shall any Stanza with it shine.
Rest mighty Name, till then; for thou must bee
Laid downe by Her, e're taken up by Mee.

3.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
Then Ecchoes burden it shall bee;
Then all the Birds in severall notes shall sing,
And all the Rivers murmur Thee;
Then ever'y wind the Sound shall upwards beare,
And softly whisper't to some Angells Eare.

4. Then

4.

Then shall thy Name through all my Verse bee spread,
 Thick as the flowers in Meadows ly,
 And, when in future times they shall bee read,
 (As sure, I thinke, they will not dy)
 If any Critick doubt that they be mine,
 Men by that Stampe shall quickly know the Coine.

5.

Meane while I will not dare to make a Name
 To represent thee by,
 Adam (Gods Nomenclator) could not frame
 One that enough should signify.
 Astræa' or Cælia as unfit would prove
 For Thee, as 'tis to call the Di'ety Jove.

Weeping.

1.

SEe where she sits, and in what comely wise
 Drops Teares more faire then others Eyes :
 Ah, charming Maid, let not ill Fortune see
 Th' attire thy sorrow weares,
 Nor know the beauty of thy Teares ;
 For she'l still come to dresse her selfe in Thee.

2.

As starres reflect on waters, so I spye
 In every drop (me thinks her Eye.
 The Baby, which lies there, and alwaies playes
 In that illustrious sphear,
 Like a Narcissus does appear,
 Whilst in his flood the lovely Boy did gaze.

3.

Nere yet did I behold so glorious weather,
 As this Sun-shine and Rain together.
 Pray Heaven her Forehead, that pure Hill of Snow
 (For some such Fountain we must find
 To waters of so fair a kind)
 Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were inward Heat
 Which made this pretious Lymbeck sweat!
 But what, alas, ah what does it avail
 That she weeps Tears so wondrous cold
 As scarce the Asses hoof can hold,
 So cold, that I admire they fall not Haile.

Discretion.

Discretion.

1.

Discreet? what means this word Discreet?
 A Curse on all Discretion!
 This barbarous term you will not meet
 In all Loves Lexicon.

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
 Houses, Household-stuffe, or Land,
 (The Low Conveniences of Fate)
 Are Greek no Lovers understand.

3.

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
 Enters into a brest,
 The two first things it doth remove,
 Are Friends and Interest.

4.

Passion's halfe blind, nor can endure
 The carefull, scrup'lous Eyes,
 Or else I could not love, I'me sure,
 One who in Love were wise.

5. Men

5.

Men, in such tempests tost about,
 Will without griefe or paine,
 Cast all their goods and riches out,
 Themselves their Port to gaine.

6.

As well might Martyrs, who doe choose
 That sacred Death to take,
 More for the Clothes, which they must loose,
 When they're bound naked to the Stake.

The Wayting-Maide.

(*Suspected to Love her.*)

1.

THy Mayd? ah, find some nobler theme
 Whereon thy doubts to place;
 Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
 The glories of thy face.

2.

Alas, she makes Thee shine so faire,
 So exquisitely bright,
 That her dimme Lamp must disappeare
 Before thy potent Light.

3. Thee

3.

Three hours each morne in dressing Thee
Malitiously are spent ;
And make that Beauty Tyranny,
That's else a Civill Government.

4.

The'adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'arous skill ;
'Tis like the poys'ning of a Dart
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The Min'istring Angells none can see ;
'Tis not their beauty' or face,
For which by men thy worshipt be ;
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my Goddesse, my Saint, Shee ;
I pray to Her, onely to pray to Thee.

Councell.

1.

A H! what advice can I receive?
No, satisfie me first;
For who would Physick potions give
To one that dies with Thirst?

2.

A little puffe of breath we find
Small fires can quench and kill,
But when they're great, the adverse wind,
Does make them greater still.

3.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much;
But strait I'me just the same;
Alas th'effect must needs be such
Of Cutting through a Flame.

The

The Cure.

I.

Come, Doctor, use thy roughest art
 Thou canst not cruell prove;
 Cut, burne, and Torture every part,
 To heal me of my Love.

2.

There is no danger if the pain
 Should me to a Feaver bring;
 Compar'd with Heats I now sustain,
 A Feavour is so Cool a thing,
 (Like drink which feaverish men desire)
 That I should hope 'twould almost quench my Fire.

The separation.

I.

Aske me not what my Love shall doe or be
 (Love which is Soule to Body, and Soule of Me)
 When I am sepa'rated from thee;
 Alas I might as easily show,

What

What after Death the Soule will doe;
 'Twill last, I'me sure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd soule will never stirre nor move,
 But all that while a livelesse Carkasse prove,
 For 'tis the Body of my Love;
 Not that my Love will fly away,
 But still continue, as, they say,
 Sad troubled Ghosts about their Graves doe stray.

The Tree.

1.

I Close the flourishing Tree in all the Parke,
 With freshest Boughs and fairest head;
 I cut my Love into his gentle Barke,
 And in three dayes, behold, 'tis dead?
 My very written Flames so violent be,
 They've burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

2:

How should I live my selfe, whose Heart is found,
 Deeply graven every where
 With the large History of many a wound,
 Larger then thy Trunke can beare?

With

With art as strange, as Homer in the Nut,
Love in my Heart has Volumes put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The Leaves and Beauties all?
As a strong Poison with one drop does make
The Nailes and Haires to fall:
Love (I see now) a kind of Witchcraft is,
For Characters could nere doe this:

4.

Pardon yee Birds and Nymphes who lov'd this Shade;
And pardon mee, thou gentle Tree;
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed Omens hop'd from Thee;
Notes of my Love, thrive here (said I) and grow;
And with yee let my Love doe so.

5.

Alas poore youth, thy love will never thrive!
This blasted Tree predestines it;
Goe tie the dismall Knot (why shouldst thou live?
And by the Lines thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the sad Picture bee
To that unlucky Historie.

H

Her

Her Vnbeliefe.

1.

TIs a strange kinde of Ignorance this in you !
That you your Victories should not spy,
Victories gotten by your Eye ?
That your bright beames, as those of Comets doe,
Should kill, but not know How, nor Who.

2.

That truly you my Idoll might appeare,
Whilst all the People smell and see
The odorous flames, I offer thee,
Thou sit'st, and doest not see, nor smell, nor heare
Thy constant zealous worshipper.

3.

They see't too well who at my fires repine ;
Nay th' unconcern'd themselves doe prove
Quick-Ey'd enough to spy my Love ;
Nor does the Cause in thy Face clearelier shine,
Then the Effect appears in mine.

4. Fair

4.

Faire Infidell! by what unjust decree
 Must I, who with such restlesse care
 Would make this truth to thee appeare,
 Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, bee
 Damn'd by thy incredulitie?

2.

I by thy Vnbeliefe am guiltlesse slaine;
 Oh have but Faith, and then that you
 May know that Faith for to be true,
 It shall it selfe by a Miracle maintaine,
 And raise mee from the Dead againe.

3.

Meane while my Hopes may seem to be orethrowne;
 But Lovers Hopes are full of Art,
 And thus dispute, that since my Heart
 Though in thy Brest, yet is not by thee knowne,
 Perhaps thou may'st not know thine Owne.

H 2

Love

Love given over.

1.

IT is enough ; enough of time, and paine
 Hast thou consum'd in vaine ;
 Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
 Thy selfe with shadowes to deceave ;
 Think that already lost which thou must never gaine.

2.

Three of thy lustiest and freshest yeares,
 (Post in stormes of Hopes and Feares)
 Like helpleffe Ships that bee
 Set on fire 'ith midst o'the Sea,
 Have all been burnt in Love, & all been drown'd in Teares.

I.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
 Free thy unlucky Heart ;
 Since Fate does disapprove
 Th' ambition of thy Love,
 And not one Starre in heav'n offers to take thy part.

4.

Here I cleare my Heart from this desire,
 If ere it home to 'his brest retire,
 It nere shall wander more about,
 Though thousand beauties call'd it out:
 A Lover Burnt like mee for ever dreads the fire.

5.

The Poet, the Plague, and every small disease,
 May come as oft as ill Fate please;
 But Death and Love are never found
 To give a Second Wound,
 Wee're by those Serpents bit, but wee're devour'd by these.


6.

Alas, what comfort ist' that I am growne
 Secure of be'ing againe orethrowne;
 Since such an Enemy needs not feare
 Least any else should quarter there, (Towne.
 Who has not onely Sack't, but quite burnt downe the

H³

To

TO THE READER.

 *IN*stead of the Authors Picture in the beginning, I thought fit to fix here this following Copy of Verses, being his owne illustration of his Motto, and (as I conceive) the more lively representation of him.

*Tentanda Vita est qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo victorq; virum volitare per ora.*

WHat shall I do to be for ever knowne,
And make the Age to come my owne ?
I shall like Beasts or Common people dy,
Unlessse you write mine Elegy ;
While others great by being borne are growne ;
Their Mothers Labour not their owne.
In this Scale Gold, in th' other Fame does ly ;
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are fortunes Jewells, moulded bright ;
Brought forth with their owne fire and light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either looke ;
Out of my selfe it must be strooke.
Yet I must on ; what sound ist' strikes mine care ?
Sure I Fames Trumpet heare.

It sounds like the last Trumpet; for it can
 Raise up the buried Man.
 Unpast Alps stop mee, but I'll cut through all;
 And march, the Muses Hanniball.
 Hence all ye flattering Vanities that lay
 Nets of Roses in the way.
 Hence the desire of Honours or Estates;
 And all, that is not above Fate.
 Hence Love himselfe, that Tyrant of my dayes,
 Which intercepts my coming Praise.
 Come my best Friends, my Bookes, and lead me on;
 'Tis time that I were gone.
 Welcome great Stagirite, and teach me now
 All I was borne to know.
 Thy Schollers Vict'ories thou doest farre out-doe;
 He conquered th' Earth, the whole World you.
 Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose blis't Tongue and Wit
 Preserves Romes Greatnesse yet.
 Thou art the first of Or'atours, onely hee
 Who best can prayse thee, next must bee.
 Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgil the wise;
 Whose Verse walkes highest, but not flies,
 Whobrought green Po'esse to her perfect age;
 And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage.
 Tell mee, yee mighty Three, what shall I doe
 To be like one of you?
 But you have climb'd the Mountains top, there sit
 On the calme flourishing head of it,
 And whilst with wearied steps we upward goe,
 See us, and Clouds below.

F I N I S.

363

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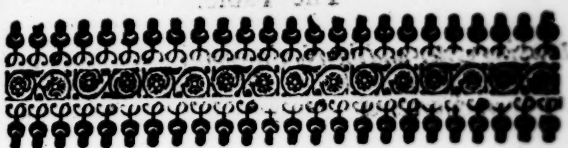
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